THE

POLYANTHOS.

OCTOBER, 1806.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. DARLEY.

Embellished with a Portrait.

Lo! a transcendant nymph usurps the sight,
Replete with grace, and pregnant with delight.
Thus smiled *Astarte* issuing from the sea,
Rapture's sweet queen—the intimate of Glee!—
Thus looked *Briseis* when *Achilles* sighed—
Thus beamed ineffably the Spartan bride!
Embattled nations might demand the prize,
And seek a triumph subject to her eyes!
E'en hoary Winter so supremely glows,
His ardour liquefies his snows;
And *Rhodope* and *Caucasus* assume
Arcadian vigour and a vernal bloom...*Anthony Pasquin.*

THE lady whose memoirs and portrait we now present to the publick, is descended from a respectable family in England. Her father, Anthony Westray, was born at Whitehaven in the county of Cumberland. He served an apprenticeship to a

merchant of that place; at the expiration of which he settled in London, and soon after married. Not many years after this, he died of a consumption, leaving his wife with three daughters.

Of these three daughters our heroine was the second: She was born in London on the 15th of January, 1780. After her father's decease and the settlement of his affairs, the remaining patrimony was found to be too small to support and educate a family without other resources. Her mother therefore turned her thoughts to the stage, as in her opinion it afforded an advantageous prospect, and in spite of the remonstrances of her friends she adopted the theatrical profession.

At an early age Miss Westray discovered a partiality for musick, and was put under the care of the celebrated Mr. Miles of Bath, to be instructed in that science. About four years after the death of her father, her mother married Mr. Simpson of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. She left Bath and accompanied her mother to Ireland, but returned the next year.

In 1796, when the Hay-Market Theatre was building in Boston, Mr. Charles Powell the manager made propositions to Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, which were accepted. They arrived in Boston with their children toward the close of the year 1796.

Our heroine (as well as her elder sister, now Mrs. Wood of the Philadelphia theatre) was likewise engaged by Mr. Powell. Her first attempt on the stage was made in the character of Narcissa, in Colman's opera of Inkle and Yarico. She succeeded in this and other similar characters, and her improving talents rendered her a fair candidate for popular favour. In the Adopted Child she also appeared with uncommon eclat.

After the failure of Mr. Powell and the close of the theatre she went to New-York, where she performed three seasons. With what success, or in what particular characters she appeared the writer is not acquainted.

From New-York she went to Philadelphia, where she soon became the favourite of the publick. Her marriage with Mr. John Darley, then a first lieutenant of marines in the service of the United States, took place in this city on the 4th of Dec. 1800. The season after this Mr. and Mrs. Darley performed at Charleston.

In October, 1802, they were engaged by Mr. S. Powell, for the Federal-Street Theatre. Mrs. D. first met the view of a Boston audience after an absence of six years in the character of Amelia in Lovers' Vows, and was received with rapturous applause. She continued in Boston, with the exception of one season spent in New-York, till May, 1806. The recesses of the regular theatri-

cal campaigns she has usually spent in Providence.

On the stage Mrs. D. generally appears in the characters of sentimental young ladies: and to these her voice, countenance and person are happily adapted. It would perhaps be doing injustice to her professional character, not to say, that in this line of acting she is without a rival. If where all are excellent a selection of the *best* were made, she would be said to appear the most fascinating in characters of pure and simple nature, artless and unaffected, unsophisticated by false refinement. Numerous and crowded audiences have gazed with delight on the beauteous Rosamunda and the sportive Rosalind—have listened with admiration to the moral sentiments which flowed from the lips of Virginia and Emily Worthington—and have melted into tears at the distresses of Athanasia and Ophelia. Dorinda in the Tempest might also be mentioned as one of her happiest efforts; and, "though last not least," Hester—

"Chaste as the icicle,
"That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
"And hangs on Dian's temple."

Such is Mrs. Darley's professional reputation. In private life she is no less respected for her amiable and engaging deportment. She enjoys the company of many respectable people in the various places where

she has resided, who are anxious to cultivate her acquaintance and obtain her friendship. In possession of a husband, "who is every thing to her, to whom she is every thing," and three sons, she enjoys as much happiness as generally falls to the lot of humanity.

Soon after Mrs. Darley's return to Boston in 1802, she received the following compliment through the channel of one of the publick papers :—

'As on Olympus' lofty brow
The HEAVENLY FAIR assembled sat,
Looked down on mortals here below,
And talked of this and talked of that :

Says JUNO, "Who, of heavenly birth,
Obedient to our high command,
Will freely wing her way to earth,
Awhile to grace the Thespian Band ?"

NATURE, soft, simple, modest, mild,
In sweetest accents begged to go ;
Fair VENUS kissed the prattling child,
And lent the magick cestus too.

Columbia owns her power to move,
The cold to warm, the savage tame,
With pity melt, or wound with love—
And DARLEY calls her favourite's name.'

Boston, Oct. 1806.

For the Polyanthos.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. BENDISH,

Grand-daughter to Oliver Cromwell. Collected from the various accounts which have been published of this extraordinary woman.

Mrs. Bendish was the daughter of Commissary-General Ireton, by the Lady Bridget, who after Ireton's death was married to Gen. Fleetwood.

She was as extraordinary for a woman, as her grandfather was for the great qualities he discovered, when he usurped the government. She had as much courage, oddity of humour, enthusiasm and cant; and, like him, became greater according to the difficulties she met with.

"Of great and most fervent devotion towards God, (says Mr. Say, a dissenting minister of London, who was well acquainted with her) and love to her fellow-creatures and fellow-christians, and yet there is scarcely an instance of impiety or cruelty of which she is not capable.

Fawning, suspicious, and mistrustful, jealous without end of all her servants, and even of her friends, at the same time that she is ready to do them all the service in her power; affecting all mankind equally, and not according to the services they are able to do her, but according to the services their necessities and miseries demand from

her; to the relieving of which neither the wickedness of their characters, nor the injuries they have done herself in particular, are the least exceptions, but rather a peculiar recommendation.

Such are the extravagancies which have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whose friendship and resentment I have felt by turns, through the course of many years acquaintance with her; and yet, after all these blemishes and vices, which I must freely own in her, he would do her the greatest injury, in my opinion, who should say she was a great wicked woman. For all that is great and good in her seems to be owing to a true magnanimity of spirit, and a sincere desire to serve the interest of God and all mankind; and all that is otherwise, to wrong principles, early and strongly imbibed by a temperament of body, (shall I so call it?) or a turn of mind, to the last degree enthusiastick and visionary.

It is owing to this, that she never hears of any action of any person, but she immediately mingles with it her own sentiments, and judgment of the person and action, in so lively a manner, that it is almost impossible for her to separate them afterwards; which sentiments and judgment she will relate thenceforward, with the same assurance that she relates the action itself.

If she questions the expediency or lawfulness of any great, hazardous or doubtful un-

dertaking, she pursues the method which, as she says, her grandfather always employed with success: that is, she shuts herself up in her closet, till by fasting and praying the vapours are raised, and the animal spirits wrought up to an unusual ferment, by an over-intenseness and strain of thinking; and whatever portion of scripture comes into her head at such a season, which she apprehends to be suitable to the present occasion, (and whatever comes in such a time is sure to come with a power and evidence, which to such a heated imagination appear to be divine and supernatural) thenceforward no entreaties nor persuasions, no force of reason, nor plainest evidence of the same scriptures alleged against it, no conviction of the impropriety, injustice, impiety, or almost impossibility of the thing, can turn her from it; which creates in her a confidence and industry that generally attain their end, and hardens her in the same practice forever. "She will trust a friend that never deceived her." This was the very answer she made me, when upon her receiving a considerable legacy at the death of a noble relation I urged her to suspend her usual acts of piety, generosity, and charity upon such occasions, till she had been just to the demands of a poor woman, and had heard the cries of a family too long kept out of their money; for how, said I, "should you die and leave such a debt undischarged, will

it be paid, as no one will think himself obliged to pay, after the decease of a person from whom he has no expectations." She assured me she would never die in any one's debt. But how is it possible you should be assured of that, who are forever in debt to so many persons, and have so many occasions of spending your money besides paying your debts, and are resolved to have so many ?" Her answer was as before mentioned.

Yet with all this presumption, she died without doing the justice she promised. The event justified her conduct, says the writer above mentioned, if any thing can justify a conduct which reason and revelation must condemn.

Such was this grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who inherited more of his constitution and body of mind, than any of his descendants. This will appear as we read the anecdotes of her life and manners, which may be collected from the writers of those times, and more so from obscure authors, who only relate facts, than from the celebrated historians. Many of them are collected by Noble, who was strangely interested in giving a particular account of every branch of the Cromwell family. Not so much however from the love he bore *them*, or their principles, as from a wish that every thing relating to such an extraordinary family should be furnished to the world.

It is said that Mrs. Bendish had more of the countenance of her grandfather than any of his children. There are pictures of them to compare. The spirit is frequently displayed in the features, and perhaps contributes to the formation of them. Be this as it may, it is evident that no countenance was ever more dissimilar to a parent than Richard Cromwell to his father. And was there ever a temper more different?

Mr. Say says that Mrs. Bendish had something so majestick in her appearance, that she commanded respect as soon as she came into company.

That she was accustomed to turn her hands also to the meanest drudgeries. She would be with her workmen at the Salt-Works from the earliest time in the morning to the decline of the sun; insensible to all the calls and necessities of nature, and in habit and appearance beneath the meanest of them, and neither suiting her character nor her sex. And then immediately after having eaten and drank to excess of whatever was before her, without choice or distinction, to throw herself down upon the next couch or bed that offered, in the profoundest sleep; to rise from it in new life and vigour; to dress herself in all the riches and grandeur of appearance, that her present circumstances or the remains of better times would allow her; and about the close of the evening to ride in her chaise or on

her pad to a neighbouring port, and there shine in conversation, and receive the place and precedence in all companies, as a lady who once expected at that time to have been one of the first persons in Europe; to make innumerable visits of ceremony, business and charity; and dispatch the greatest affairs with the utmost ease and address, appearing every where as the common friend, advocate and patroness of all the poor and the miserable in any kind; in whose cause she will take no denial from the great or rich; rather demanding than requesting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded by them that know her best, as a person of great sincerity, piety, generosity, and even profusion of charity. And yet, possessed of all these virtues, and possessed of them in a degree above the ordinary rate, a person of no truth, justice, or common honesty; who never broke her promise in her life, and yet, on whose word no one could depend, nor safely report the least circumstance after her.

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTE OF D'ALEMBERT.

D'Alembert was the son of a celebrated lady of high rank, who, to conceal her indiscretion, caused him to be exposed on the

steps of the church of St. Roch. Here he was found by a poor woman who earned a livelihood by her needle; she adopted him, maintained him by the produce of her labour, and placed him in the college of Montaigu. The young man profited by the instruction he received, so that like Pascal, he made discoveries in Geometry in his fifteenth year. His name soon became known over all Europe, and the learned courted the society of the young student of Montaigu. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady at last began to be proud of having given birth to such a son. His foster-mother had been watched, and consequently the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without contributing towards his subsistence. Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day repaired to the college and requested to see the youth. He came. She began a long harangue on the tyranny of prejudice, on the pain she felt at being obliged to forsake him, &c. "I am your mother," said she. "You my mother, madam? You are mistaken; I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He then turned his back upon her and never saw her more, but continued the affectionate and dutiful son of the sempstress, and repaid her with interest in her old age the cares she bestowed on his childhood.

[*In a former number we presented our readers with some extracts from the Memoirs of Richard Cumberland. In making a few more selections to gratify those who have not perused the whole of that work, we trust no offence will be given to those who have. It is a luxurious dessert, where the appetite may be feasted without danger of satiety*...Polyanthos.]

CHARACTER OF GEORGE FAULKNER.

'I HAD more than once the amusement of dining at the house of that most singular being, George Faulkner, where I found myself in a company so miscellaneously and whimsically classed, that it looked more like a fortuitous concourse of oddities, jumbled together from all ranks, orders, and descriptions, than the effect of invitation and design. Description must fall short in the attempt to convey any sketch of that eccentrick being to those, who have not read him in the notes of Jephson, or seen him in the mimickry of Foote, who in his portraits of Faulkner found the only sitter, whom his extravagant pencil could not caricature ; for he had a solemn intrepidity of egotism, and a daring contempt of absurdity, that fairly outfaced imitation, and like Garrick's Ode on Shakespeare, which Johnson said "defied criticism," so did George in the original spirit of his own perfect buffoonery defy caricature. He never deigned to join in the

laugh he had raised, nor seemed to have a feeling of the ridicule he had provoked: at the same time that he was pre-eminently and by preference the butt and buffoon of the company, he could find openings and opportunities for hits of retaliation, which were such left-handed thrusts as few could parry: nobody could foresee where they would fall, nobody of course was fore-armed, and as there was in his calculation but one super-eminent character in the kingdom of Ireland, and he the printer of the Dublin Journal, rank was no shield against George's arrows, which flew where he listed, and fixed or missed as chance directed, he cared not about consequences. He gave good meat and excellent claret in abundance. I sate at his table once from dinner till two in the morning, whilst George swallowed immense potations with one solitary sodden strawberry at the bottom of the glass, which he said was recommended to him by his doctor for its cooling properties. He never lost his recollection or equilibrium the whole time, and was in excellent foolery; it was a singular coincidence, that there was a person in the company, who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge who had passed sentence of death upon him. This did not in the least disturb the harmony of the society, nor embarrass any human creature present. All went off perfectly smooth, and George, adverting to an original por-

trait of Dean Swift, which hung in his room, told us abundant of excellent and interesting anecdotes of the Dean and himself with minute precision and an importance irresistibly ludicrous. There was also a portrait of his late lady Mrs. Faulkner, which either made the painter or George a liar, for it was frightfully ugly, whilst he swore she was the most beautiful object in creation. In the mean time he took credit to himself for a few deviations in point of gallantry, and asserted that he broke his leg in flying from the fury of an enraged husband, whilst Foote constantly maintained that he fell down an area with a tray of meat upon his shoulder, when he was journeyman to a butcher: I believe neither of them spoke the truth. George prosecuted Foote for lampooning him on the stage of Dublin; his counsel the prime serjeant compared him to Socrates and his libeller to Aristophanes: this I believe was all that George got by his course of law; but he was told he had the best of the bargain in the comparison, and sate down contented under the shadow of his laurels. In process of time he became an alderman; I paid my court to him in that character, but I thought he was rather marred than mended by his new dignity. George grew grave and sentimental, and sentiment and gravity sate as ill upon George, as a gown and square cap would upon a monkey.'

COMEDY OF THE WEST-INDIAN.

'THE production of a new play was in those days an event of much greater attraction than from its frequency it is now become, so that the house was taken to the back rows of the front boxes for several nights in succession previous to that of its representation; yet in this interval I offered to give its produce to Garrick for a picture, that hung over his chimney-piece in Southampton-Street, and was only a copy from a Holy Family of Andrea del Sarto: he would have closed with me upon the bargain, but that the picture had been a present to him from Lord Baltimore. My expectations did not run very high when I made this offer.

'A rumour had gone about, that the character, which gave its title to the comedy, was satirical; of course the gentlemen, who came under that description, went down to the theatre in great strength, very naturally disposed to chastise the author for his malignity, and their phalanx was not a little formidable. Mrs. Cumberland and I sate with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick in their private box. When the prologue-speaker had gone the length of the four first lines the tumult was excessive, and the interruption held so long, that it seemed doubtful if the prologue would be suffered to proceed. Garrick was

much agitated; he observed to me that the appearance of the house, particularly in the pit, was more hostile than he had ever seen it. It so happened that I did not at that moment feel the danger which he seemed to apprehend, and remarked to him that the very first word, which discovered Belcour's character to be friendly, would turn the clamour from us, and so far I regarded the impetuosity of the audience as a symptom in our favour. Whilst this was passing between us, order was loudly issued for the prologue to begin again, and in the delivery of a few lines more than they had already heard they seemed willing to wait the developement of a character, from which they were told to expect—

"Some emanations of a noble mind."

Their acquiescence however was not set off with much applause; it was a suspicious truce, a sullen kind of civility, that did not promise more favour than we could earn; but when the prologue came to touch upon the Major, and told his countrymen in the galleries, that

—"His heart can never trip—"

they, honest souls, who had hitherto been treated with little else but stage kicks and cuffs for their entertainment, sent up such a hearty crack, as plainly told us, we had not indeed *little cherubs*, but lusty champions, *who eate up aloft*.

Of the subsequent success of this lucky comedy there is no occasion for me to speak; eight and twenty successive nights it went without the buttress of an afterpiece, which was not then the practice of attaching to a new play. Such was the good fortune of an author, who happened to strike upon a popular and taking plan, for certainly the moral of The West-Indian is not quite unexceptionable, neither is the dialogue above the level of others of the same author, which have been much less favoured. The snarlers snapped at it, but they never set their teeth into the right place; I don't think I am very vain when I say that I could have taught them better. Garrick was extremely kind, and threw his shield before me more than once, as the St. James's evening paper could have witnessed. My property in the piece was reserved for me with the greatest exactness; the charge of the house upon the author's nights was then only sixty pounds, and when Mr. Evans the treasurer came to my house in Queen-Ann-Street in a hackney-coach with a huge bag of money, he spread it all in gold upon my table, and seemed to contemplate it with a kind of ecstacy, that was extremely droll; and when I tendered him his customary fee, he peremptorily refused it, saying he had never paid an author so much before, I had fairly earnt it, and he would not lessen it a single shilling, not even his coach hire, and in that humour he departed.'

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

'It is a truth not sufficiently enforced, and when enforced, not always admitted, though one of the most useful and important for the government of our conduct, and this it is—that every man, however great in station or in fortune, is mutually dependent upon those who are dependent upon him. In a social state no man can be truly said to be safe who is not under the protection of his fellow creatures: no man can be called happy, who is not possessed of their good will and good opinion; for God never yet endowed a human creature with sensibility to feel an insult but that he gave him also powers to express his feelings, and propensity to revenge it.

The meanest and most feeble insect, that is provided with a sting, may pierce the eye of the elephant, on whose ordure it subsists and feeds.

Every human being has a sting: why then does an overgrown piece of mortal clay arrogantly attempt to *bestride the narrow world*, and launch his artificial thunder from a bridge of brass upon us poor underlings in creation? And when we venture to lift up our heads in the croud, and cry out to the folks about us—"This is mere mock thunder; this is no true Jupiter; we'll not truckle to his tyranny,"—why will some good-natured friend be ever ready to pluck us by

the sleeve, and whisper in our ear—"What are you about? Recollect yourself! he is a giant, a man mountain; you are a grub, a worm, a beetle; he'll crush you under his foot; he'll tread you into atoms—" not considering or rather not caring—

"That the poor beetle, which he trode upon,
In mental sufferance felt a pang as great,
As what a monarch feels——"

Let no man, who belongs to a community presume to say that he is independent. There is no such condition in society. Thank God, our virtues are our best defence. Conciliation, mildness, charity, benevolence—*Hæ tili erunt artes.*

Are there not spirits continually starting out from the mass of mankind, like red hot flakes from the hammer of the blacksmith? And are not these to be feared, who are capable of setting a whole city—aye, even a whole kingdom—in flames, let them only fall upon the train that is prepared for them? who then will underwrite a strutting fellow in a lofty station, puffed up with *brief authority*, who won't answer a gentleman's letter or allow his visits, when he asks admission? If he had the integrity of Aristides, the wisdom of Solon and the eloquence of Demosthenes, there would be the congregation of an incalculable multitude to sing *Te Deum* at his downfall. He will find himself in the plight of the poor Arab, who made his cream tarts

without pepper ; for want of a little wholesome seasoning, he will have marred his whole batch of pastry, and is condemned for a bad baker, to the pillory.

A man shall sin against the whole decalogue, and in this world escape with more impunity than the proud fellow, who offends against no commandment, yet provokes you to detest him. I know not how to liken him to any thing alive, except it be to the melancholy mute recluse of the convent of La Trappe, who has no employment in life but to dig his own grave, no other society but to keep company with his own coffin. If I look for his resemblance among irrationals, I should compare him to a poor disconsolate ass, whom nobody owns and nobody befriends. The man who has a cudgel bestows it on his back, and when he brays out his piteous lamentations, the dissonance of his tones provokes no compassion : they jar the ear, but never move the heart.

A certain duke of Alva about a century ago was the most popular man in Spain : the people perfectly adored him. He had a revolution in his power every day that he stept without his doors. The prime minister truckled to him ; the king trembled at him. How he acquired this extraordinary degree of influence was a mystery that puzzled all conjecture—not by his eloquence or those powers of declamation which captivate a mob ; the illustrious personage could not

string three sentences together in common or uncommon nonsense: wit he had none, and virtue he by no means abounded in; few men in Spain were supposed to be more unprincipled; if you conceived it was by his munificence and generosity, he could have told you no man bought his popularity so cheap, for when the secret came out, he confessed, that the whole mystery consisted in his wearing out a few more hats in the year than others sacrificed, who did not take off theirs so often.

I knew a gentleman, who was the very immediate contrast to this Spanish duke; he was a man of strict morality, who fulfilled the duties and observed the decorum of his profession in the most exemplary manner; in his meditative walk one summer morning he was greeted by a country fellow with the customary salutation—"Good morning to you, Sir!—a fine day—a pleasant walk to you!"—"I don't know you," he replied, "why do you interrupt me with your familiarity? I did not speak to you; put your hat upon your head, and pass on;" "So I will, cried the fellow, "and never take it off again to such a proud puppy, whilst I have a head upon my shoulders"—There never was a hat stirred to that man from that day, and had he fallen into a ditch, I question if there would have been a hand stirred to have helped him out of it.

ACCOUNT OF ANACHARSIS.

[*From Fenelon's Lives of the ancient Philosophers.*]

ANACHARSIS, a native of Scythia, held a considerable rank among the sages of his time. He was brother to Caduidas, king of Scythia, and Son of Gnurus; but his mother was a Greek. By these means he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the two languages. He was eloquent, and possessed of much vivacity. He was intrepid; and in every undertaking, inflexibly firm. He was always dressed in a coarse double cloak, and lived on milk and cheese. The style of his harangues was concise and energetick; and, in whatever cause he embarked, as he never yielded, so he always succeeded. His masculine and eloquent manner of speaking became proverbial: so that, when any one imitated him, he was said to adopt the Scythian phrase.

Anacharsis left Scythia in order to settle at Athens. Having arrived in that city, he went and knocked at Solon's door. He desired the person who opened, to tell Solon that he was at the door; and that he came purposely to visit him, and stay with him for some time. Solon sent as a reply, That a man ought to form habits of hospitality in his own country; or at least, where he is some way connected. Upon this Anacharsis entered: "Well," said he to Solon, "since

you are at present in your own country and in your own house, it is your province to enter into habits of hospitality: commence friendship with me." Then Solon, struck with the vivacity of his answer, consented with pleasure to become the host of Anacharsis: and formed habits of friendship with him, which continued as long as they lived.

Anacharsis was a great admirer of poetry. He wrote in verse the Scythian Laws, together with a Treatise on War. He used to say, that the vine bore three kinds of grapes, pleasure, intoxication, and repentance.

He was very much surprised, that in all the publick assemblies held at Athens, wise men were contented with opening and explaining the business, and that fools were left to decide it. But he could not comprehend how those who *defamed* others should be *punished;* whilst wrestlers and boxers, who *rudely beat* one another, should receive *great rewards.*

Considering attentively one day the thickness of the planks of a ship, "Alas!" cried he, "Those who sail are only four inches from death." What vessel, he was asked, is the safest? That, replied he, which is in port.---He used frequently to say, That a man ought to concentrate the whole bent of his inclination, in acquiring the mastery over his *tongue* and his *belly.*

When asleep, he always kept his right hand over his mouth, signifying, that there is nothing, to which we ought to pay so much attention as to the government of the tongue. An Athenian one day reproached him, for his being a Scythian : My country, replied he, dishonours me ; but you are a dishonour to your country.

Crœsus, who had heard much of the reputation of Anacharsis, sent him an offer of money, and entreated him to visit him at Sardis. Anacharsis sent him the following answer :

" I came to Greece, O king of the Lydians, in order to become acquainted with the literature, the manners, and the laws of the country. I need neither gold nor silver ; and, if I return to Scythia a better and more learned man, than when I left it, I shall be satisfied. I shall however visit you, for I put a high value upon your acquaintance and friendship."

Anacharsis, after a long stay in Greece, prepared for his return. Touching at Cyzicus in his way home, he found the inhabitants celebrating with great solemnity, the festival of Cybele, the mother of the mother of the gods. Anacharsis made a vow, that if he returned in safety to his native country, he would there sacrifice to her, and institute the same festival in honour of her. When he arrived in Scythia, he endeavoured to change the ancient institutions of the

country; and in their room to substitute the laws of Greece. This gave much offence to the Scythians.

Anacharsis one day entered secretly into a thick forest of the country of Hylæa, in order to fulfil, without being perceived, the vow which he had made to Cybele. Holding in his hand a cymbal before a figure of the goddess, in the Grecian fashion, he performed the whole ceremony. He was discovered by a Scythian, who informed the king of it. The king came immediately into the forest, and surprised his brother Anacharsis in the very act. He wounded him mortally with an arrow. Anacharsis immediately expired, exclaiming, "In Greece, where I travelled to learn literature and the manners of the country, I was allowed to remain in quiet; but, in my native soil, envy has been the cause of my death."---Several statues were erected in honour of him by the Greeks.

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

SAMUEL FOOTE was born about the year 1720. His father was a useful magistrate and revenue officer, and his mother a descendant of the Rutland family. In face and person she was the model of her son the po-

et, short, square, and with an eye that eternally gave the signal for mirth and good humour. The mind of her son was congenial, and appears to have been greatly influenced by imitating her in that which he admired. His tricks of humour were early displayed; he was educated at one of the principal grammar schools in the city of Worcester. Many stories are told of Foote while a pupil at this school; such as leading scholastick rebellion, blacking his master's face while asleep, forming artificial earthquakes, and others, which did not however prevent him from becoming famous for his classical acquirements.

When at home during a Christmas recess, a man was brought before his father, and charged with a bastard child. After dinner this charge was the topick of conversation. Foote, then between eleven and twelve, said—"I foresee how this business will end, and what the justices will have to say."—"Indeed!" replied his father with surprise. "Well, Sam, let us hear."

The young mimick, then dressing up his face in imitation of Justice D. made a speech in his name, and adopted his phraseology. He next assumed the person of Mr. Justice A. and personated them both with so much humour and discrimination of character, as to set the table in a roar. His father wished to know why he, being of the quorum, was omitted? Foote would

have declined to mimick his father, but being earnestly requested and encouraged, he gave a portrait that was equally faithful.

From Worcester school he was removed to Worcester college, under the care of Dr. Gower, who was the provost. This good doctor was much of a pedant, and pedantry was an irresistible subject of humour to Foote. He is said to have played him many tricks, one of which was that of causing a cow to ring the parish bell at midnight, by means of tying a bunch of hay, at a proper height, to the end of the bell rope, which hung in the outside porch of the church. This alarmed the sexton, the whole parish, and the doctor at their head: spectres were seen walking the church yard, and the alarming demon was at length detected, by catching the cow by the tail in the dark.

Leaving college, he entered himself of the Temple, lived in handsome chambers, enjoyed a well furnished library, and passed through the necessary forms to become a barrister. He is reported, by those who still remember him there, to have been at this time a great beau, and one of the most distinguished wits who frequented the Grecian and the Bedford; two coffee houses that were the resort of young templars, and men of dramatick genius. The Bedford principally laid claim to dramatick criticism, when science bore a much prouder and more just rank, in the circle of literature, than it does at present.

Dr. Barrowby, a famed dramatick critick of that day, spoke of him, as we are told, in the following terms—" He came into the room in a frock suit of green and silver, bag-wig, sword, bouquet and point ruffles, and immediately joined the critical circle at the upper end. Nobody knew him: but he soon entered boldly into conversation, and by the brilliancy of his wit, the justness of his remarks, and his unembarrassed freedom of manner, attracted the general notice. The buz of the room went round,—' Who is he? Whence comes he?"— which nobody could answer until, a handsome carriage stopping at the door to take him to the assembly of a lady of fashion, they learned from the servants that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, and a student of the Inner Temple."

Here he continued but a few years, yet long enough to exhaust a fortune that was said to be considerable, and sufficient to have made him independent of any profession, had it not been for the dissipation and extravagance of dress, high living, and the gaming table, which impelled him to think of the stage.

He had already made the art of acting a critical inquiry, and when the quarrel of Fleetwood with his actors induced Macklin to collect a company of performers for the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, Foote

joined him, and on the 6th of Feb. 1744, appeared in the character of Othello. His second attempt was the character of Lord Foppington, in the Relapse. But in both these characters, as well as in that of Pierre in Venice Preserved, he failed. The next winter he engaged himself at Drury-lane Theatre, and abandoning tragedy, in which he found himself unsuccessful, he performed Fondlewife, Sir Paul Pliant, Bays, and others, and met with general applause.

With this however he was not thoroughly satisfied: he was conscious of powers that were fitted for higher pursuits; and, after well considering how to employ them, he determined at once to come forth as author and performer. In the spring of 1747 he opened the theatre in the Haymarket, with a piece written by himself, called The Diversions of the Morning. Several well-known characters were introduced in this comick sketch, and at the latter part of it, assuming the character of a theatrical dictator, he gave a ludicrous exhibition of several of the principal performers. His success was great, but it was interrupted by the alarmed managers of the other theatres, who, under the sanction of an act of parliament, shut up his house. To evade this act he published the following advertisement:

"Mr. Foote's compliments to his friends and the publick, and hopes for the honour of their drinking tea with him at the Little

Theatre in the Haymarket, every morning, at play-house prices."

The whim and novelty attracted crowds to the theatre, ignorant of what they were to expect, till Foote came forward, bowed, and informed them, "that as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, with their permission, (while *tea* was *getting ready*) proceed with his instructions before them." This evasion was successful, his wit and humour were irresistible, and he gave tea forty mornings to crowded and splendid audiences.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MENTORIAN ESSAYS.....No. 3.

"O while ye glory in your youthful prime,
And yield attention to the syren voice
Of praise, in that soft season when the breast
A strange enchantment feels; when pleasure pants
In every vein, and sparkles in the eye
Superfluous health; then *guard your hearts*."

THE importance of female education is the popular cry, from the wife of the poor mechanick, who scrubs up her little girl's face and hands till they shine, and sends her to the parish school to learn A, B, C---to the lady of the monied merchant, who keeps pretty miss in the nursery, to learn manners

and morals of the maid and her companions of the kitchen, till mamma finds her too well grown, and too uncouth in her behaviour to add grace to her drawing room without some exteriour polish. A French dancing master is then sent for; but it is at last discovered, that in this age of refinement, a young lady must have her *mind* cultivated. A boarding school is sought; these rise thick; the choice perplexes; fixed at last, the young lady progresses, according to her ability, in what may be called the *mechanical part* of education. Here, we will leave her, only observing, that where a great number are taught together, a woman of angelick wisdom or abilities could not attend to the far more important and dignified science of guiding the heart and affections into the paths of virtue.

I now address myself to those who are about quitting the retired shades of academick life; who are preparing for the long anticipated *introduction to company*. Ah, my fair young friends! What scenes of pleasure dance in your imaginations on taking a final leave of all schools! balls, beaux, vows and adoration! the delight of gazing, and being gazed at! The novelty, and consequently the pleasure, of this gay vision will soon subside: newer faces will be introduced, and the swarm of flatterers which surround you, will dance up to them with the same vocabulary of compliments, and it

you have no higher source of amusement, how blank! how piteously mortified will you feel! Before you enter these great assemblies, then, my youthful readers, listen to a few indisputable truths: and first, be assured that in order to enjoy even the pleasures of a ball room, the *mind must be disciplined.* Do not be frightened at the word: by it, I mean no more than to appreciate fairly the chances of probable pleasure and disappointment to be met with, and to resolve to please and be pleased, without considering any of the occurrences of sufficient consequence to create chagrin or disgust.

I was lately witness to the striking contrast exhibited in the behaviour of Julia and Miranda. These young ladies had received from nature and education nearly equal advantages; their parents were wealthy, and indulged their daughters in most of the fashionable amusements of the age: they were neighbours, and had frequented the same schools; in consequence of which, there subsisted a *something* which is usually called *friendship* between them, and being nearly of an age, they had been introduced to company (as the term is) at the same time: but how different was the effect! A lady of their acquaintance, who had a daughter arrived at the eventful age of fifteen, gave a splendid supper and ball. Accustomed to elegance, though new to the occasional brilliance of such an evening, our

noviciates entered the apartments with perfect ease, and were only amused, not surprised at the dazzling gaiety which surrounded them. Miranda rolled her large dark orbs upon the *astonished beaux*, sweeping her two yards of silvered drapery with an air that seemed to claim adoration from the whole assembly. Julia's blue eyes bent with complacency upon the company, and she returned their civilities with a sweetness that expressed the pleasure she received from their polite attention. While the ladies were resting and receiving refreshments, previous to beginning the voluntaries, our fair heroines retired a little from the rest of the company, to communicate their mutual feelings upon the events of the evening. "Heavens!" exclaimed Miranda, "what a horrid wretch you had for your first partner! In the name of wonder how did you get to the end of the dance with him, for he was horridly ugly, and knew neither step nor time."

"O," said Julia, "that did not vex me at all, for I was perfectly acquainted with the figure and had no difficulty in keeping my partner right; and I'll assure you he was so agreeable when we got to the bottom, that I forgot his bad dancing, and never once thought of his ugly face, as you call it." "You seem mightily pleased," returned Miranda, "but for my part, if they call this pleasure, they may enjoy it all without me, for I declare I am tired to death, and have

not had one good dance, or agreeable partner, this evening." Julia laughingly said, she was sorry she was so hard to please, and joined the company. In the very first voluntary, Miranda was accosted by professedly the handsomest and most genteel man in the room, and was led to the head of the hall, her fine eyes sparkling triumph and pleasure. It had happened that Julia had carried down one dance, in the beginning of the evening, with this youth, and had found his conversation equally fascinating with his person: she had secretly hoped he might ask her to dance again, when a choice permitted: she had observed indeed that he noticed with some attention, the fine person of her friend; that he even asked her name, and observed that she looked charmingly; to which Julia replied, that he would find her as agreeable as she was pretty. When, therefore, she saw him lead out Miranda, a slight sigh escaped her, but rejoicing, that now at least, the captious girl would be pleased, she cheerfully gave her hand to the first that offered, a smart widower of fifty who was dancing over the new laid grave of an amiable wife, and saying *sweet things* to every Miss of seventeen, whom he could persuade to listen to him. Julia felt a momentary vexation at her ill luck, but recollecting that the trifling, the transient enjoyments of an hour, were not worthy of either serious triumph or regret, and that trne plilosophy was

to catch the fleeting pleasure, and give regret to the winds, she regained her good humour, and made herself very merry at the misplaced gallantry of her partner. Miranda's pride was greatly mortified to hear her elegant companion enquire with seeming interest, the name, family &c. of Julia, and after a laconick answer, she drew up and scarcely deigned to be tolerably civil the rest of the evening. The next day Miranda spoke of the dull, stupid time they had; Julia had been pleased and was happy.

Briar-Hill, Oct. 1806.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

[*The following scene from "Dr. Faustus," a German tragedy, which was once very popular, and has still many admirers, the reader may be pleased to see. It is a fine specimen of the genuine powers of poetry; which powers ought to be unrestrained. They should be rapid as the passage from good to ill, and remain as unlimited as infinitude itself: for such is the very nature of thought, and especially of poetick thought.*

[*It is known that Faustus,* (or Faust) *long famed as the inventor of the typographick art, was accused by the monks of the practice of magick. He is supposed to be in want of a swift demon, and to begin his conjurations:*

obedient to his powerful voice, instead of one, seven demons appear.]

SCENE—FAUSTUS *and Seven* DEVILS.

Faus. ARE you seven the most prompt and swift of the spirits of hell?

Om. Yes.

Faus. Not equally so?

Om. No.

Faus. Which is the most?

Om. I.

Faus. Seven devils, and but six liars! A miracle! Let me hear more and know ye better.

1*st Dev.* All in good time! At present we can stay no longer. What is thy demand?

Faus. Thy name; thy degree of promptitude?

1*st Dev.* I could give the proof sooner than the answer.

Faus. Behold! What is my act?

1*st Dev.* Thou hurriest thy finger through the flame.

Faus. It doth not burn. Away! Pass seven times through the flames of hell, without burning! Art thou astound? Devils, I find, can be braggarts: 'twere pity couldst thou not be guilty of the least of vices. (*to the second*) How art thou called?

2*d Dev.* *Chil*, or in thy verbose tongue *The arrows of pestilence.*

Faus. What promptitude is thine?

2d Dev. My name declares.

Faus. Away! Be the lacquey of physicians; thou art too slow for me. (*to the 3d*) How art thou called?

3d Dev. Dilla, or *Borne on the wings of the wind.*

Faus. (*to the 4th*) And thine?

4th Dev. Jutta, or *Swift as the rays of light.*

Faus. Weak wretches, whose prompitude may be expressed by finites.

5th Dev. Cease thy wrath! they're but the messengers of Satan to the material world; we for the world of spirits. Speak!

Faus. How swift art thou?

5th Dev. As thought of man.

Faus. That's something!—The thoughts of man are not all swift: when truth and virtue call, how slow they come—When thou wilt thou canst be prompt; but who shall answer for thy will? No. I'll not confide in thee, more than in myself. Ah! (*to the 6th*) Speak thou! Tell me thy promptitude. How great is it?

6th Dev. As the vengeance of the revenger.

Faus. The revenger! What revenger?

6th Dev. The Omnipotent! the terrible! He that preserves vengeance to himself, for the greatness of the pleasure.

Faus. Devil, thou blasphemest! Dost tremble? Quick, say'st thou, as the vengeance of——his name was on my lips!—here let it not be profaned!—Quick as his vengeance?—Still I live—Still I sin—

6th Dev. That thou liv'st and sinn'st is food for his vengeance.

Faus. Heard I this from a devil? But 'tis the first time——No, no, his vengeance is not swift. Since thou art not more prompt, be gone. *(to the 7th)* Thy rapidity? Speak!

7th Dev. Mortal, hard to satisfy, if mine cannot—

Faus. Speak, I say; How swift?

7th Dev. As the passage from good to ill.

Faus. Ah! Thou art he! As the passage from good to ill! Rapid! Rapid!—Be gone the rest—As the passage from good to ill! I know how prompt it is! Alas, I've proved it. [*Theat. Recorder.*]

FUNERAL RITES.

FUNERAL rites have always been, and are still used by all nations, which shows that the duty of performing them proceeds from an instinct of nature: but sentiment thus impressed by nature on the mind hath been corrupted by the iniquity of mankind, and Paganism overspreading the world, reason, which was darkened, changed this pious duty into superstitious follies: every nation prescribed particular ceremonies, all founded on such wrong notions as each had entertained concerning a future life. The most unnatural custom at funerals was that of killing or

burning live persons in the funeral piles, and so sacrificing the living in honour of the dead.

The variety of customs at funerals is very extraordinary: we shall first treat of those of the Greeks and Romans, and then of those of the barbarian nations. This was the behaviour used to dying persons. In Greece, when any one was sick, they placed branches of laurel and the thorn tree at his door; the thorn was to chase away evil spirits, and the laurel to appease Apollo, the god of physick, the laurel being sacred to him. Fathers and mothers kissed their dying children, applying their own mouths open to theirs, as if to receive their spirits. They also beat kettles and brass vessels to chase away Demons and evil Genii. Cicero thus describes the former custom. "The miserable mothers passed whole nights at the gates of the prison, not being permitted to give their children the last embrace; they desired only the favour to receive their son's last breath." And Quintillian expresses this custom in the same manner: "I did not sit by my son; I did not help him to rest his head easier; when he was tired, I did not turn him on the other side: I did not receive his last breath."

When the sick person died, they closed his eyes and shut his mouth. Fathers and mothers performed this rite to their children, and their children to them. This was a general custom among the Greeks and Romans,

as Homer and Virgil frequently acquaint us. Statius says, brothers used to close their brothers' eyes. Flavianus, the bishop, says, in a Sermon of St. Chrysostom, "Our sister desired us to close her eyes and shut her mouth, and perform the other rites of sepulture." And Pliny says it was a very sacred rite among the Romans, to close the eyes of the dead, and to open them again when they were laid on the pile. Some writers pretend that children were forbid to close their parents' eyes, by the law *Mænia*. That law is thus in *Varro: Ne filii luci claro sigillent oculos*. But this law ought to be understood in a quite different sense from that they take it in, according to the best lawyers, and signifies that they should not close their father's eyes while he could see; that is (speaking metaphorically) unnatural children should not hasten their father's death, in order to get possession of his estate.

ANECDOTE.

A FAVOURITE NEVER OUGHT TO ABUSE THE FAVOUR OF HIS MASTER.

DUKE D'ALENSON, brother to Henry 3rd of France, and the famous Bussy, his favourite, being in company one day, the former, in merriment, expressed a wish, that they might tell each other their faults with all freedom: Bussy excused himself very modestly

and "consented that the Prince, as it was in his own power, should reproach him with whatever he could think on worthy of blame during his whole life: that, for his own part, he was not so much deprived of his senses, neither was he so rash and bold to rehearse, though in jest, the faults and imperfections of his master." The duke insisted on what he had proposed, and began with the great reputation Bussy had of being thought a man of courage among the nobility, and adored by the ladies, though the former looked upon him as a coward, and the latter took him to be a cross, ill natured fellow. He was so nettled at it, that without any more ado, he made this sharp repartee. *That if Alenson was Bussy, and Bussy was Alenson, Bussy would not employ Alenson for his dog keeper, he looked so damned ugly and homely.* The duke, incensed to the highest degree, and so much the more because it was a true jest, cried, several times, *Ha! Bussy it is too much, it is too much Bussy;* and though Bussy cast himself at his feet, and represented to him, that it was by his own reiterated order, and that to obey him he had done an extreme violence to himself, he never was afterwards so much in favour as he had been before: but on the contrary, when he was murdered by the count of Montsovreau, who was jealous of him, on account of his wife, it was generally thought that he had first the consent of Henry the 3rd to stab him, and the

approbation of duke Alenson, the king's brother.

It is neither prudent nor safe to provoke great men, for let their persons and administration be what they will, there is still a veneration due to their character and dignity; and injuries, reproaches, or affronts, make so deep an impression on princes' minds, especially if there be suspicion of design in it, that, like letters engraved on marble, they never can be obliterated until the marble is decayed.

GOOD THINGS

FOR THOSE THAT LIKE THEM.

EPIGRAM

ON A BEAUTIFUL SATIRICAL YOUNG LADY, WHO SUDDENLY LOST THE ENAMEL OF HER TEETH.

Not long ago, without defect,
Thy mouth, with rows of pearl bedeck'd,
Did with perfection vie:
But now, ah! sad reverse of fate,
They've lost their bright enamell'd state,
And I can tell you why.

Perhaps you think I cannot tell,
You look so handsome and so well,
And are so full of fun:
But lady fair, I've *seen* the thief,
Who stole th' enamel off your teeth—
The venom of your tongue!

THE TERMAGANT.

Tom, disputing one day with his termagant wife,
Said, "Doll, you're the torment and plague of my life;
Not a day can elapse, but, with arguments new,
Some brawl or contention 's occasion'd by you;
Indeed, in your face is most fully display'd
The wicked, ill temper'd, extravagant jade."
"With faults so apparent," in fury, Doll cried,
I'm *surpris'd* you should ever have made me your *bride*."
"Indeed," replied Tom, "what you say 's very true.
It is what has *surpris'd* many more besides *you!*"

ANECDOTE OF FOOTE.

An eccentrick barber some years ago opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench Prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared, "Shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers; and over his door was scrawled the following poetry:

Here lives Johnny Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England
Almost—not quite.

Foote, who loved any thing eccentrick, saw these inscriptions; and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head

through a paper pane into the shop, called out, "Is Johnny Wright at home?" The barber immediately thrust his head through another pane into the street and replied, 'No, Sir, he has just *popt* out.' Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

THE PARTNERS.

A TALE.

THOSE who the ſweets of partnerſhip would know,
May chance to find it out some lines below.

Tom Stiles and Hodge, a little time ago,
Purchas'd a barn, and parted it in two.
Tom fill'd his side with grain still more and more,
But Hodge's half was empty to the floor.
As Stiles was plodding through his ground one morn
Towards this barn, to view the store of corn,
He chanc'd to meet his partner by the way.
Hodge held a lighted faggot in each hand;
Cries Tom surpris'd, and then he made a ſtand,
"What doſt thou want with fire light by day?
God bleſs thy noddle, I believe it's wood,
And setting fire to that might do it good.
What cursed nonsense art thou hatching now?
Thou always wert a stupid blundering calf,
Witness the barn of which I've fill'd my half;
You ha'nt a grain in all the place I vow."
Says Hodge, "I scorns the thing that is n't right,
I means to bring my meaſures to the light:
About that barn I wont be call'd a calf;
In this here land a body does, d'ye ſee,

Just as he pleases with his property—
I'll tell a what, I means to burn my half."

A TUTOR at the university was once lecturing a student, and in the course of his lecture, said, "Now I would ask you this one question." After he had repeated it, the student was preparing to answer him; when he interrupted him, and said with the utmost gravity, "Though I ask you a question, I do not mean you should answer it; I mean to answer myself."

LIEUTENANT S—— being extremely ill, and almost dead for want of rest, it was thought expedient to give him an opiate. Whilst it was preparing, his disorder being at a crisis, he fell into a profound sleep. His friend and countryman, Lieutenant A—— P——, who had attended him with the most unremitting care, seeing the state he was in, shook him violently by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Arrah, my good friend, don't be after sleeping now, but wait till you have taken your sleeping stuff!"

EPITAPH.

PUBLISHED IN A NEW-ENGLAND PAPER, 1789.

On the 22d day of December,
A confounded big piece of timber
Fell down—slam bang—
And kill'd poor JOHN LAMB.

REPARTEE.

ONE day a justice much enlarg'd
On industry—while he discharg'd
A thief from jail.—"Go work," he said;
"Go, pr'ythee, learn some *better* trade,
Or, mark my words, you'll rue it."
"My *trade's* as good," replies the knave,
"As any man need wish to have;
And if it don't succeed, d'ye see,
The fault, Sir, lies with *you*—not me—
You *won't let me pursue it*."

EPIGRAM.

His noggin fill'd three parts with gin,
Tom puts but little water in;
And blam'd for this, the drunken lout
Answers you thus, with looks devout:—
"St Paul (and you'll allow him merit)
Expressly says—'*Quench not the Spirit*'!"

THE GENEROUS CREDITOR.

A BON MOT.

"I OWE you a *drubbing*," cries Frank in a pet:
"Never mind it," says Tim, "*I forgive you the debt.*"

ON THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

EUROPE is indebted to Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer; and

nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for Boccaccio, who assisted him in this translation into Latin, we should have not been able to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world is under so much obligation. He was a Greek—a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the Decameron has given the following portrait:

'His look was frightful: his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society, he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, and without morals; but to make amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that 'a prophet hath no honour in his own country,' he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the *Labyrinth of Crete*. Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Boccaccio and of Petrarca to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece; but scarcely had he set his foot in that country, when he wrote a letter to Petrarca, longer and more filthy than his beard and hair, as the author expresses himself, in which he extolled Italy to the skies, and spoke

in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer, he embarked in a vessel bound for Venice. The ship safely arrived in the Adriatick, when suddenly a storm arose. While all on board were in motion, to do what was necessary to the vessel in this predicament, the terrified Greek clung to a mast which was struck by a thunderbolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others were in the greatest consternation, but no other person sustained any injury. The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless and half burnt, was thrown into the sea; and Petrarca, in relating this catastrophe to Boccaccio, says, among other things, 'This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetick genius found their way into so gloomy a soul.' [*Theat. Cen.*]

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE country esquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horses; that is, an animal that may convey him with credit, ease, and safety, the little journey he has to go. The philosopher directs his ambition to some well grounded science,

which may, with the same ease, credit, and safety, transport him through every stage of being; so that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy.

THE principal, if not the only difference betwixt men of honesty and honour seems to lie in their different motives; the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former, duty.

SUPERIORITY in wit is more frequenlty the cause of vanity, than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword, is ever more vain than he that wears an useful one.

THE best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship and the intelligence received most forcibly co-operate.

THE philosophers and ancient sages, who declaimed against the vanity of all external advantages, seem in an equal degree to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones or they would condemn their own example.

THE making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

PRUDENT men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

THERE is a degree of understanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased.—One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyss.

SHINING characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of a ruby.

THE trouble occasioned by want of a servant, is so much less than the plague of a bad one, as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes than undergo an excess of anger.

RICHES deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwise.

To consume one's time and fortune at once without pleasure, recompense, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

THE queen of Sweden declared, 'She did not love men as men; but merely because they are not women.' What a spirited piece of satire!

A MAN that knows how to speak, knows also when to be silent.

To reprehend properly is the most difficult as well as the most needful office of true friendship; for who is it that will not sometimes merit reproof?

THE MINSTREL.

For the Polyanthos.

SONG.

On the deck, in the silence of night,
I observed the pale moon in the west,
Where the billows reflected her light,
In Fancy's gay visions exprest;
All the woes my fond bosom e'er bore
From remembrance were severed and free,
And I saw not the cloud passing o'er,
Till it figured the emblem of me.

While the cloud was dissolving in air,
Her mild splendour again I discerned:
Not so! (I exclaimed in despair)
Have the smiles of my Anna returned!
As the heavens my love was o'ercast,
But the scene is still gloomy and drear,
For the dark cloud of sorrow, when past,
Left the prospect enshrined in a tear.

MARINERO.

For the Polyanthos.

A PUN.

'O when will you consent to wed?'
A father to his daughter said.
She archly cried, 'Not till I find
A man just suited to my mind:
For now I'm sure I would not give
A Rush for all the men that live.'

COLLINA.

POEMS BY GRAY.

[*The following little poems, attributed to* GRAY, *but not printed in any of the common editions of his works, have an amatory delicacy and light elegance of fabrick, which, with the Ode on the Spring, of the same author, present him to us in features infinitely varied from those of the majestick poet of the Bard and the Progress of Poesy, the stern and vehement translator of the Norse and Welsh odes, the solemn moralizer of the Church Yard, the melancholy contemplatist of Eton College, the philosophick votary of Adversity, or even the lively singer of the Long Story. The first was written at the request of Mrs. Speed, to an air of* Geminiani, *and the thought taken from the French; the second, which is printed in* Warton's Pope, *was found among the manuscripts of the author.* Theat. Cen.]

I.

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore
In the Spring he would return;---
Ah! what means the op'ning flow'r,
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the nightingale that sung;
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why such unavailing haste?
Gentle gales and sky serene,
Prove not always Winter past!
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

II.

With beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish ;
To weep, without knowing the cause of my anguish ;
To start from short slumbers and wish for the morning ;
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected;
Words, that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!
O say, fellow swains, how these symptoms befel me?
They smile, but reply not!---sure Delia can tell me!

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO.

THE MAN WITH HEART AT EASE.

Of me 'tis said—for so they please,
'There see the man with heart at ease;
His manly breast no passions tear,
Bright reason spreads her sunshine there;
Not scorched by love's consuming flame,
Nor wasting with some hopeless pain;
On fame intent—with steady rein
He curbs desire—breaks folly's chain;
In honour rich—no mind's disease,
See there the man—with heart at ease.'

Ah!—how deceived is *wisdom's* gaze
How wild she shoots across the maze—
Which love has wove within this heart,
Where griefs unnumbered spring and smart;
This heart—once held the richest prize,
That earth could yield—or fav'ring skies;

If now her eyes should pierce its gloom,
See ruins there—and peace undone;
How quick the specious tale would cease,
That told the world 'his heart's at ease.'

Some cruel star my youth betrayed,
To wear a yoke, by folly made;
And more disastrous—led me where
An *angel* broke the dream in air:
Oh! yet we loved—her breath was mine,
Her lips, and form and mind divine;
Mysterious change! these joys are gone,
And sudden springs the bosom's thorn;
The erring world nor feels, nor sees,
But idly thinks my heart at ease!

Fame's gilded car for me could shine,
And fortune shower her golden mine,
Domestick bliss around me play,
And all the path of life seem gay;—
Oh! racking thought, the *spoiler* came,
That spectre of the sickly brain;
Proud of his victim, winged a dart,
And, poisoned—sent it to her heart:
Disastrous day!—what since could please!
Or only lull this heart to ease!

Why *memory*, ever busy power,
Dost thou still dwell upon that hour—
When barb'rous *man* to pity dead,
Plucked from its warm, and genial bed,
The fairest plant in nature's store,
And threw it cold on misery's shore:
O cease at length thy cruel skill,
And let his aching breast be still;
To feeling lost—then if it please,
The world may say, 'his heart's at ease.'

Great God! whose love the sparrows sing
Revive the tender bud of spring;

From *man* the dying blossom wrest,
And give it back to *nature's* breast :—
And then, fond parent, press once more,
And breathe to life, thy favourite flower ;
Retrieve her mind—her health repair,
And be my ******* all thy care :
Too late to heal my fixt disease—
But then I'll die with heart at ease.

[*The following stanzas, extracted from a late English publication, have much merit. The ideas, although in some measure hacknied, are placed in such a point of view, that they meet us with all the charms of novelty.* Weekly Inspector.]

THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past,
There liv'd a man ;—and who was he ?
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot is cast ;
That man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown ;
His name hath perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone :

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and wo,—a ſmile, a tear ;
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulſe, the languid limb,
The changing ſpirits riſe and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these were felt by all.

He ſuffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;

Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He lov'd,—but whom he lov'd the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb ;
O! she was fair, but nought would save
Her beauty from the tomb,

The willing seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main ;
Ere while his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee ;
He was—whatever thou hast been :
He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIV'D A MAN !

BALLAD.

CHILL blew the north wind, the ocean loud roaring,
Faint and fatigu'd as the evening drew on,
From a wreck sav'd, a stranger, his fate was deploring,
And the tears flow'd apace as he wander'd alone :
Alas ! on the storm-beaten shore broken-hearted,
He sighs, from his dearest friends cruelly parted ;

And now on an isle, but by wild beasts, deserted,
With anguish he thinks on the days that are gone.

Friends of my childhood, ye hear not my wailing,
Tremendous the white surges burst on the shore;
O parents so dear!—but 'tis all unavailing,
I die on a land you may live to deplore.
Blest be the hand distrest virtue relieving,
Happy your home, heaven's blessing receiving,
And when this worn bosom the last sigh is heaving,
I'll bless those dear friends I can never see more.

See o'er the billows yon vessel swift sailing,
Bear it, ye winds, where distracted I mourn;
Ah, no! it recedes, and the blue mist prevailing,
Buries that hope, which would murmur return.
With sorrow o'ercome, and the night dull and dreary,
Not one friendly star in the heav'ns to cheer me,
Here I recline on the bank, wet and weary,
From my home, and the sweets of society torn.

Sad was my soul when I left ANNA weeping,
Beauty and worth droop'd, when destin'd to sail:
High on the beach with my fond heart in keeping,
Trembling in tears, she sigh'd "WILLIAM, farewell!"
Memory still lives, and our sweet pastime traces,
But gone is all pleasure, no more my caresses
Shall charm—and no more shall our kindred embrace us,
O friends of my childhood for ever farewell!

Hark! from the wild wood I hear a dire screaming,
Loud it resounds o'er the black-heaving main;

Wolves and fell tigers, with eyes fiercely gleaming,
Furious descend on the blood-scented plain;
Save me, ye rocks--to your covert retreating;
Save a pale wretch these dread spoilers from meeting;
Hide me awhile--but my heart wildly beating,
Tells me, I'll ne'er see my country again.

Where can I fly, that no savage can chase me!
No safeguard is here like our own cottage door;
Peril awaits at each step to distress me;
The mountains and vales are streak'd over with gore.
Then where can I fly? on all sides the wide ocean—
O ANNA may mourn with the tenderest emotion;
May sigh, and oft joining in fervent devotion,
May bless him, alas! she can never see more!"

He ceas'd, agoniz'd with reflection, for never
Again could he visit his dear native vale:
Parted from home, and his ANNA for ever!
Alone, amidst horrour, his lot to bewail.
Heard you that half-stifled groan? Still how dearly
The image of her, whom he loves so sincerely,
He hugs to his heart—feels the last pang severely
And cries—" O my ANNA, forever farewell!"

ORIGINAL EPITAPH,

On a Man remarkable for a large mouth.

READER, step lightly o'er this sod,
For if he gapes you're gone, by —— !

ELEGIACK STANZAS ON MYSELF.

BY THOMAS DERMODY.

[*Though we frequently feel astonished at the prematurity of the talents of Dermody, it is frequently mingled, as we turn over the pages of his interesting biography, with something like detestation of his principles and conduct. How much is it to be lamented that a youth who could write such stanzas as the following, should ever have delighted to pass his time in low and vicious company, and practise the arts of meanness and duplicity!*...Mirror.]

To Pleasure's wiles an easy prey,
Beneath this sod a bosom lies;
Yet spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O stranger! if thy wayward lot
Through Folly's heedless maze has led,
Here nurse the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flower on his head.

For he, by this cold hillock clad,
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,
Each gentlest balm of feeling had,
To sooth all sorrows but his own.

For he by tuneful Fancy rear'd,
(Though ever dumb he sleeps below,)
The stillest sigh of anguish heard,
And gave a tear to every wo.

Oh! place his dear harp by his side,
(His harp, alas! his only hoard;)
The fairy breeze at even tide
Will trembling kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,
When misty twilight stream'd around;

To mark the slowly heaving flood,
And catch the deep wave's sullen sound.

Oft when the rosy dawn was seen
'Mid blue to gild the blushing steep,
He trac'd o'er yonder margent green
The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pauſe, the lark to hear,
With speckled wing the skies explore;
Oft paus'd to ſee the slow flock near:
But he shall hear and see no more.

Then, stranger, be his foibles lost;
At such small foibles Virtue smil'd:
Few was their number, large their cost,
For he was Nature's orphan child.

The graceful drop of pity spare,
(To him that bright drop once belong'd)
Well, well his doom deserves thy care;
Much, much he suffer'd, much was wrong'd

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah, as thou roam'st the chequer'd gloom,
Bid the sweet night bird's numbers flow,
And the last sunbeam light his tomb.

THE DRAMA.

Unbiassed or by favour or by spite,
Not dully prepossest, nor blindly right... *Pope.*

BOSTON THEATRE.

The Drama commenced its winter campaign at our theatre on the 13th. The company, though possessed of much useful and respectable talent, has still some deficiencies.

These will probably be made up when Mr. Bernard arrives with his expected reinforcement. In numbers the present corps can vie with almost any former one. Their names, in order to preserve the impartiality of our critico-theatrical censorship, we shall set down alphabetically :

Messrs.	Barnes,	Mrs.	Barnes,
	Dickenson,		Darby,
	Downie,		Dickenson,
	Dykes,		Downie,
	Fox,		Dykes,
	Kenny,		Poe,
	Milbourne,		Powell,
	Morgan,		Shaw,
	Poe,		Usher.
	Powell,		
	Turnbull,		
	Usher,		
	Warrell.		

Morton's favourite comedy of *Speed the Plough* was selected for the first night's performance. The parts of *Henry* and *Miss Blandford* were filled by Mr. and Mrs. Poe from the Virginia theatres, their first appearance in Boston. Estimating the talents of this couple by comparison, we might say the same characters have been more ably sustained on our boards. A first performance however does not always afford a criterion by which merit may be estimated. Mr. Poe possesses a full manly voice, of considerable

extent; his utterance clear and distinct. The managers will undoubtedly find him a useful, and the town a pleasing, performer in the Henrys, Charles Stanleys, &c.—Of the talents of Mrs. Poe we are disposed to judge favourably.

Mrs. Dykes, who we recollect made her debut some years since in the *Deserted Daughter*, has returned from Charleston considerably improved, and appeared this evening in *Susan Ashfield*.

Mr. Turnbull from New-York personated *Evergreen*. As a stranger we give him welcome.

Mr. Dickenson makes the most of every thing he undertakes. Gravity and ill-nature vanish at his approach, mirth and good-humour are his constant attendants. We have frequently seen him in *Sir Abel Handy*, and have no cause to wish for a better.

Mr. Usher's *Sir Philip* was much above the customary medium of his performances.

Mrs. Shaw's *Lady Handy* was well. He who gives voluntary advice performs an ungracious task: but we would nevertheless advise Mrs. Shaw to abandon *Lady Randolph*, *Agatha*, &c. and stick to the *Lady Handys*, *Lady Brumbacks*, and *Mrs. Heidlebergs*. She might then regain the favour of the publick at least, which at the close of the last season she seemed to have lost.

Mr. Powell so seldom ventures from behind the prompt-pillar, that he is now hardly

known as an actor. We were probably indebted to the absence of Mr. Bernard for Mr. P's appearance in *Farmer Ashfield.* It cannot be for lack of talent that he thus immures himself in the green-room: for he certainly "argufied the topick" with ingenuity and feeling, and gave general satisfaction. He may find parts in almost any play filled by men (to say the least) no better than himself. *A bird that can sing*—But "the proverb is somewhat musty."

Oct. 24. *Richard the Third.*

This play was brought up for the purpose of introducing to the publick Master Loring, a youth of Boston aged sixteen years, in the character of Richard. The young gentleman is said to have devoted much of his time to the study of dramatick characters; yet, though he deserves commendation for his present acquirements, he has much more to learn before he can tread the first walks of tragedy. The motions of his hands are by no means easy or graceful; nor is his action always 'suited to the word.' A habit of reeling sideways like the pendulum of a clock, is not only tiresome and displeasing to the eye, but frequently improper. He is too hasty in speaking, and seldom makes pauses of sufficient length; and in making his exits he frequently had a line to speak after he had disappeared behind the wings.

Master Loring undoubtedly endeavoured to imitate the acting of Mr. Cooper, and in

this he was sometimes successful; and we were sorry to see him copy so closely the greatest blemish in Mr. Cooper's elocution, (if that 'mighty master of the power of speech' can be accused of incorrect orthoepy) which was, an intolerable hissing at the end of certain words terminating in *s*. All these errours however, as well as a heavy indistinct articulation of which he was frequently guilty, may be corrected by industry and proper attention.

Having mentioned only Master Loring's defects, he must not accuse us of insensibility to his merits. Though we much question the propriety of his being permitted to appear in so important a character, yet having made the attempt, we are willing to acknowledge that considering his age and advantages, it was creditable to his judgment and talents. He did occasionally, after almost laying us to sleep with dull recitation, burst forth with fire and energy that excited admiration. When he exclaimed

Was ever woman in such humour woo'd!
Was ever woman in such humour won!

he more than repaid us for his coldness with Lady Anne. His soliloquies were perhaps not the least meritorious parts of his performance, and that beginning with

How many frightful stops would conscience make
In some soft heads, &c.

was impressively spoken. Exultation at the

success of his hypocrisy wes happily expressed in

A crown!
Thou bright reward of ever daring minds,
O how thy awful glory wraps my soul!

His orders to the soldiers,

Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse, &c.

were given with an easy familiarity we did not expect from one so young in the robes of royalty. His

Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horrour,—

justly commanded applause.

In consequence of Master Loring's success the play was given out for a second representation.

Much might be said in favour of Mr. Usher's *King Henry* and Mr. Fox's *Richmond*, for which we have no room.

LONG LOOKED FOR, COME AT LAST.

☞ *Since the preceding account and enumeration of the Boston company was written, Mr. Bernard has arrived from England with*

Mr. Caulfield, *from the theatre Drury-Lane;*
Mrs. Stanley, *from theatres Covent-Garden, Dublin and Edinburgh;*
Signor Cipriari, *ballet-master from Saddler's-Wells, London;*
Mr. Vining, *first singer from the theatre Richmond.*

THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

Letter from a Correspondent, October 13.

'OUR Theatre opened on Monday last, after a delay of a week or two, owing to the *accouchement* of Mrs. Darley, and the illness of Mrs. Jones.

Mr. Cooper, seeking for merit to adorn his new station, engaged Mr. Fennell for a few weeks, and by way of giving him a brilliant *entré*, ushered him to the publick in the character of crook-backed Richard. This is a part Mr. Fennell is quite unequal to. Mr. F. did not seem in mental power equal to the conception of Richard, and in physical he failed most palpably.

Mr. Cooper played Richmond, and imparted to it a brilliancy which we believe it never before received.

The rest of the characters were ably supported, and the attendants, soldiers, &c. evinced a training and managerial attention, highly creditable to the establishment.

The Prize was the afterpiece, in which Twaits, and Mrs. Oldmixon (beyond all comparison the best *female* singer on the continent) gave full and overflowing content to their audience.

On Wednesday following we had Othello. The Moor by Mr. Fennell; Iago, Cooper; Roderigo, Twaits; Desdemona, Mrs. Villiers. Othello is Fennell's best part. His *size* is here favourable. A man six feet two,

is a great man. But in addition to bodily requisites, Mr. Fennell brought into the field judgment, discrimination and taste. He even caught fire from his contact with Cooper's wonderful Iago, and in the scenes with him was impassioned.

Cooper's Iago was a masterpiece. His frank and soldierly manner in some scenes, his hypocritical insinuation in others, and his fiend-like malignity in the soliloquies, riveted the attention of the audience upon the character, and in spite of Othello's prepossessing situation, made Iago the hero of the piece.

Twaits was chastely comique, and while he excited the risibility of the audience, avoided every approach to buffoonery.

Mrs. Villiers made an approach to that favour which she deserves.

The afterpiece was The Purse, in which Mrs. Oldmixon as Sally asserted with success her claim to the first rank among the favourites of Thalia.

On Friday a third of Shakespeare's plays drew a third bumper to the theatre—the first part of Henry IV. The King, Fennell; Hotspur, Cooper; Falstaff, Harwood. Hotspur is not a character to afford scope for powers such as Mr. Cooper possesses. Mr. Harwood's Falstaff was the foremost figure in the picture, yet it was far from faultless. The Prize was repeated.

The theatre was again opened on Saturday evening with The Mountaineers and Village

Lawyer. Bulcazin, Mr. Fennell; Octavian, Cooper; Sadi, Twaits; Kilmallock, Harwood; Roque, Hogg; Floranthe, Mrs. Villiers; Zorayda, Mrs. Placide; Agnes, Mrs. Oldmixon. Such a play, so cast, is a delightful treat.

A periodical work has appeared in Philadelphia, called the Theatrical Censor, edited by Mr. Watts, who promises impartiality, and boasts his freedom from any *dangerous connexions* with actors or actresses, which might warp his judgment from critical justice. We believe that Mr. Watts is thus happily qualified for his censorship. But can he answer for his *New-York* and *Boston* correspondents? *We know them both.* We shall strictly examine their criticisms, and keep in view the motive which we know is the basis of their theatrical opinions. *Fair play's a jewel.'*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. J. and T. Ronalds of New-York, have now in the press, an elegant and correct edition, in one voloume octavo, of *Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary.* The following is the prospectus offered by the publishers to the publick:—

"The state of polite literature in a nation, may generally be ascertained by the care

which the well educated bestow upon the cultivation of their native tongue.—To write and speak it with propriety and purity, are attainments both elegant and valuable: while contempt of them is a mark of barbarism in the character of either an age or individual. And in proportion as men of learning become men of taste, they attend not only to the substance and form of their language, but also to the graces of utterance. In the polished countries of Europe, no speaker, who disregards the laws of orthoepy, can hope for the approbation of any but the vulgar. In the United States, English composition is yet in its infancy, and correct enunciation is only beginning to be studied. It is a curious fact, that with less dissimilarity of accent between the extremes of the continent than prevails in Britain between adjoining counties, there are very few instances of right pronunciation to be found, among our best scholars. Nothing can be more grating to an ear, even slightly habituated to the true principles of orthoepy, than the offences which are perpetually committed against them by almost every speaker in publick or private. The solicitude recently discovered and every day increasing, to rectify our errours on this point, indicates advancing refinement; and, in order to accelerate its progress, the publick will shortly be presented with a new, accurate, and beautiful edition of Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary,

and Expositor of the English Language. Eulogium on this work is unnecessary to those who are acquainted with it. For the information of others, the publishers remark that the basis of it is the magnificent Dictionary of the celebrated DR. JOHNSON. But the peculiar excellence of Walker's lies in reducing English pronunciation to such a degree of precision, as to render his work a STANDARD. The words are all spelled in such a manner as to exhibit the true force of the letters, and enable the eye to co-operate with the ear, in directing the organs of speech. A key to the vowel sounds, simple in its form, and easy to be applied, is at the top of every page. Besides an acute investigation of the whole doctrine of English accent, syllabication, &c. prefixed to his volume, Mr. Walker has annexed to anomalous and dubious articles, disquisitions which display much delicacy and candour of criticism. No man appears to have understood better the fastidiousness of language, or to have treated it with more caution and address. In reprinting this elaborate production, the result of long and patient research into the analogies of the language; and of many years observation of the most accomplished speakers in the desk, in the senate, at the bar, and on the stage; the publishers flatter themselves that they will perform an acceptable service to the American scholar."

Messrs. I Riley & Co. have now in press and will soon publish, in a handsome octavo volume, price three dollars the life of that celebrated poet and literary character Doctor James Beattie.

Messrs. Wright, Goodenow, and Stockwell have lately published an elegant edition of *Hudibras*, the first edition of that work which has come from the American press.

The same gentlemen have given notice that they intend to commit to the press in a few weeks, the first American edition of the elegant *Letters of Lord Lyttleton, the Younger.*

The first volume of *The Works of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke*, publishing by Messrs. J. West and O. C. Greenleaf, will be ready for delivery in a few weeks.

A new and elegant edition of *Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature* is publishing by W. Andrews, No. 1 Cornhill.

A new edition of *The Iliad*, in two vols. 18mo. is just published by E. Cotton, No. 47 Marlborough-Street.

☞ *A Portrait and Biography of Gen. Joseph Warren will be given in our next.*

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GENERAL WARREN.